

The History of

No, yet time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banisht honors, and restore your selves,
Into the good thoughts of the world again:
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who studies day and night,
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths:
Therefore I say.

Wor. Peace cousin, say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
Ile read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of perill and advenurous spirit,
As to o're-walk a currant roaring lowd
On the unsteadfull footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim,
Send danger from the East unto the west,
So honor crosse it from the North to South,
And let them grapple: the blood more stirres
To rowze a lyon, then to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit,
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, me thinks it were an easie leap,
To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon,
Or dive into the bottome of the deep,
Where sadome-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without corrivall, all her dignities:
But out upon this half-fac't fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of figures here;
But not the form of what he should attend;
Good cousin give me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

Hot. Ile keep them all.
By God he shall not have a *Scot* of them,
No, if a *Scot* would save his soul, he shall not.

Henry the Fourth.

Ile keep them by this hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no eare unto my purposes:
Those prisoners you shall keep,

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*,
Forbad my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*:
But I will finde him when he lies asleep.
And in his eare Ile hallow *Mortimer*:
Nay, Ile have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Heare you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly desie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrook*,
And that same sword and buckler Prince of *Wales*.
But that I think his father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some mischance:
I would have him poysoned with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile talk to you,
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a wasp-tongue and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this womans-mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why look you I am whipt and scourg'd with rods,
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear
Of this vile polititian *Bullingbrook*:

In *Richards* time, what do you call the place;

A plague upon it, it is in *Glostershire*;

'Twas where the mad-cap Duke his unkle kept,

His unkle *Torke*, where I first bowed my knee

Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrook*:

Zblood, when you and he came back from *Ravenzburg*.

Nor. At *Barkley* castle.

Hot. You say true.

Why what a candy deal of courtesie,

This fawning gray-hound then did proffer me,

Look when his infant fortune came to age

And gentle *Harry Piercy*, and kinde cousin:

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